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Poetry.

TOEING THE LINE.

The Christmas carols had been sung;
The guests had turned to go;
Down from the chandelier there hung
A spray of mistletoe.

Beneath, along the polished floor,
A clear-marked line there ran;
No face was peering at the door;
I was alone with Nan.

Her hair in ripples ringed her brow,
An aureole divine;
Then courage came—I know not how—
I dared her toe the line.

She smiled a roguish smile and fleet;
She gave a dainty trip—
And oh the honey, Hybla-sweet,
I tasted from her lip!

A few months more and I opine—
(Perhaps you'd like to know)—
"I will be the matrimonial line
This charming miss'll toe.
—*Bissa Clinton, in Harper's Magazine.*

DECEIVED.

What, married! My Lillian married!
Great heavens, it cannot be so!
And yet here it is in the paper,
And happened a fortnight ago.

A wife; why, 'twas only in August,
That leaving her down by the sea,
She swore by the round moon above us,
She would ever be faithful to me.

And now she is wed to another,
If I my poor eyes can believe;
Oh false! oh most faithless of women!
So cruelly me to deceive!

Of course I meant nothing—was only
Killing time—but I swear 'tis a shame
To think that that innocent maiden
Was all the while doing the same!
—*Cartoon.*

Our Story Teller.

MATED BY MAGIC.

How a pretended Mind Reader united two congenial hearts.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

FANCY if he falls and hurts himself, said Sir Kensington.

"Hush!" said Wyoming, authoritatively. "He will not fall. Now!"

Cameron, who had been standing motionless, suddenly strode to the door, opened it, went straight through the drawing-room, ned that door and walked into the darkened ante-room. Here he d awhile. Frank Hardy, holding dark-lantern, with silent gestures kept ok the eager followers.

At last Cameron opened the library door, alked round and came straight out again, d made immediately for the staircase, ounted it and passed into the gallery ill he reached the blue room, of which at once opened the door. Then were ere murmurs from those who watched m like those to be heard when fireworks e let off. As soon as he opened this door ameron shut it again and stood outside it hesitation. Then he went down the allery and tried every door with tense deliberation. When he had one this he stood again as one in doubt, nd then again ran as hard as he could to the blue room, opened the door and rushed in. Hardy followed with the lantern, holding it so that those behind could see what happened. What happened was this: ameron went to the bracket, put his left hand against the wall, straightened himself up as if by a great effort, and just reached the base of the vase with his right hand.

"Help! break it," whispered Sir Kensington, upon whom his wife turned a look of scorn, which missed its effect because he did not see it.

Very carefully and slowly Cameron took down the vase without the slightest appearance of risk; but when he had it safe, as it seemed, in both his hands, he shivered and tottered so that Wyoming, who was nearest to him, rushed forward to save the vase, and supporting it with one hand laid the other heavily on Cameron's shoulder, as if to infuse new magnetism into him.

From that moment Cameron's descent to the conservatory was a triumphal march. There was no longer any question of manning the dark lantern, and people hesitated not to wonder in loud voices if he would restore the vase to its original place—which he did at once and without hesitation.

Having completed his appointed task, Cameron sank exhausted in an armchair, gazing into vacancy, and then quite suddenly gave a shiver, sat up, looked around him, and fixed his eyes interrogatively on Wyoming, who answered with a quiet nod. Then the silence which had fallen on the company, when Cameron sat down, was broken, and the chorus of comments, guest-one, answer-one, expressive of admiration were even as the "confused noise without" of the drama. This lasted some time, until the company, like tigers, having tasted blood (or, to make the simile more exact, like the people without confidences who encore singers), began to suggest "if it were possible." Mr. Cameron must be tired, and yet if," and so forth, and so forth, and young Lavinia, who seemed now fully to understand the novelty of what she had just seen, wanted to know if Mr. Cameron could do a card trick next—she doted on tricks with cards.

"That gives me an idea," said Wyoming. "Cards suggest chess, you know. Have you a chess-board in the house?"

"Chess-boards—hey?" said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, "heaps of 'em—what?—how many do you want?"

"One will be enough," replied Wyoming. "What is it for?" asked little Mrs. Venable. "Games which were both hard and long," replied Wyoming.

Wyoming refrained from saying "To play with," and answered instead, "You shall see directly. Does any one present believe our host plays chess?"

Lavinia and Sir Kensington answered that they played a little.

"That is enough," said Wyoming.

"You might at least tell me what you are driving at?" said Cameron.

Wyoming faced him suddenly. "Do you think we could communicate to each other the moves of a chess by will power alone?" he said.

"I see," Cameron said. Then, after a pause, he added: "We might try it."

"This is what I propose, then," cried Wyoming; "to have the board on this table, watched by two of the party, while I and makes the moves."

"What moves?" asked Mrs. Venable again.

"The moves which will be conveyed by strange telepathic influence," Wyoming said, "to be each respectively shut up in a dark room—the two rooms to be as far from each other as possible."

The mystery of the proposal so startled the company that scarcely anything was heard during the arrangements were completed, Mr. Bulstrode-Travis's chessboard was placed on the table in the center of the conservatory, Sir Kensington and Lavinia, Mr. Bulstrode-Travis arranged the pieces. Then he took a armchair alongside the table and down to watch the game.

"I give you the choice of colors, as I started the game," said Wyoming.

"I try to act like a white man, as you Americans say," Cameron replied, "and so take them."

"Very well." Wyoming returned. "I'm quite satisfied with the black men; the red troops can fight nobly, if need be."

Then Cameron and Wyoming were stationed in darkened rooms, ten yards or more apart, while one of the company remained with each of them, a third standing sentry in the corridor between.

Lavinia, who was with Cameron, came down to the conservatory and made the first move for white—pawn to queen's knight's fourth.

This unconventional beginning Mr. Bulstrode-Travis smiled and said: "Evidently we are sure to have a surprise open-

[illegible] the room to rejoin Cameron [illegible]sington, who was Wyoming's [illegible], entered the conservatory, and, [illegible]king to the table, made black's first [illegible]ve, knight to queen's bishop's third.

"A strange attack calls for strange pre[illegible]," he said, picking out the card which the American had kept persistently before her.

"What is it?" cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis.

"It is the seven of hearts," she answered.

"The seven—a sacred number—a most fortunate choice," said Wyoming. "Now, Miss Lavinia," will you kindly turn to the seventh book of the Æneid,' which has thus been dictated to us."

"I see—I see," commented the host. "You have found the book from which the mystic line is to be taken; but how do you find the line itself?"

"You shall see in a moment," responded the American. "I shall distribute five of these cards to different persons present—to Sir Kensington and to Lady Gower, to Mrs. Vendale, to Hardy, and to you, Cecil. And I ask you to write down a number, any whole number you please between one and a hundred, without any consultation with each other."

In a minute more the five numbers were written. Wyoming went from one to the other collecting the cards, which he placed on the top of the pack. Then he went down the line to Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, and handed him five cards. To Frank Hardy, who was watching Wyoming's every move, it seemed as though these cards came from the bottom of the pack; but this was apparently a mistake, as the host took the five cards, saying: "And what am I to do with these numbers?"

"You are to add them together in absolute silence," replied Wyoming, "and I must request that no one speaks until the result is announced. It is essential that there should now be nothing to detract the attention."

For a moment there was no sound to be heard save the scraping of a pencil in the hand of the host, as he copied the numbers out on one card and added them up.

"I make it two hundred and fifty-five," he said at last."

"Then," and Wyoming spoke with his most impressive manner, "I have to request Miss Lavinia to turn to the two hundred and fifty-fifth line of the seventh book of the 'Æneid.'"

"I see now," cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis; "a most ingenious method, and absolutely free from any personal influence, as we all collaborated in bringing it about, although of course in different degrees."

"I have the line," said Lavinia.

"Then if Mr. Hardy will kindly read it to us," Wyoming went on.

"Certainly, if you wish it," Hardy replied, but when his eye fell on the line he flushed and hesitated, But mastering his surprise he read—

Hunc illum fatis externa ab sede profectum
Portendi generum.

"And what does that gibberish mean?" asked Mrs. Vendale abruptly.

"It means that the old king of Latium had come to the conclusion that the stranger who had arrived from across the sea was the son-in-law foretold by the fates," Cameron explained.

And Wyoming, leaning over the back of Mr. Bulstrode-Travis's chair, whispered "Hunc generum—this is the son-in-law," and he indicated Frank Hardy. "He comes over the sea, as he is an Australian; and, as you may remember, the name of the king's daughter was Lavinia."

"So it was," said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, who recalled his Virgil but vaguely. "Really this is a most extraordinary coincidence, or manifestation, or what shall I call it?"

"Do not disregard so solemn a message from the fates," the American rejoined gravely. "If your daughter will have this young Australian the sooner you make the match the better."

And so it came about, and in due season the *Morning Post* announced that a marriage had been arranged between Lavinia, the only daughter of Mr. Bulstrode-Travis, of Redrose Hall, Flintshire, and Mr. Frank Hardy, who had recently returned from Australia. As there was no reason for delay, the wedding was set for early in August.

P. S.—It happened that Cameron and Wyoming were in town when the wedding took place, and that they were invited to go to the railway station from which the young people were about to start on their wedding tour. Both Frank and Lavinia felt that their happiness was due in great measure to the effort of the two friends, and they were prompt in expressing their gratitude. The young couple were in their carriage, while Cameron and Wyoming leaned in at the window. Already the guard's voice was heard, and the departure of the train was imminent.

"Tell me one thing," cried the bridegroom, at last summoning courage. "How did you do the chess game? That has puzzled me ever since."

Cameron and Wyoming laughed.

"Is that the only one of our feats that puzzles you?" asked the American.

"Well," Cameron replied quietly, "you may call it that."

"Is your friend a married man?" asked Mr. Bulstrode Davis, suddenly dropping his voice into a mysterious whisper.

"Wyoming! indeed no; he is a bachelor of the deepest dye," Cameron replied.

"And in your reading of his thoughts have you yet discovered that his affections are engaged?" pursued the host.

"Why? What do you mean?" Cameron asked.

"Look there!" said Livina's father with a gesture, indicating Wyoming leaning over the young lady in pleasant conversation. "I do not know that I should object."

"Object to what?" said Cameron, in sudden alarm.

"Object to your friend for a son-in-law," said Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. "He seems to be taken with [illegible]inia."

"I hope so!" ejaculated Cameron. Then recovering himself, he added, "I had a suspicion that Frank Hardy was rather attentive to her."

"No doubt, no doubt," said Lavinia's father; "but I do not think she thinks of him—and that is what's important, you know."

"You surprise me," Cameron continued. "I had supposed that she had rather a liking for him."

"Did you read that in her mind?" asked her father, eagerly. "That would be very curious indeed—what!"

"Yes," Cameron rejoined gravely; "it would be very curious indeed." Then he saw his chance. "If you would like to inquire into the future—to consult an oracle, in fact—you might get Wyoming to do the sortes Virgilianæ for you."

"To be sure," cried Mr. Bulstrode-Travis. "You told me he was an expert. Do you know, I never saw the attempt made."

"My friend has a method of his own, quite different from that which is down in he books," Cameron explained. "I say, Steele," he cried, "Mr. Bulstrode-Travis would like to see your—the sortes."

Wyoming crossed the room and joined the two. "And what is the question to which you seek an answer?" he asked.

Mr. Bulstrode-Travis hesitated; but Cameron, lowering his voice, responded for him: "The others need not know exactly the object of our question, but our host would like guidance in regard to your daughter's future husband."

"I see," the American rejoined. Why not?"

"Why not, indeed?" echoed Lavinia's father. "If you will kindly lend me your skull—what!"

"I will do what I can," Wyoming replied. "Have you a Virgil?"

"Lovinia, my dear, will you bring me the Virgil from the library; it is in that long set of classic texts to the left of the fireplace."

"I know where it is, papa," said his daughter, as she arose and left the room.

"And then I shall need a pack of cards," Wyoming went on.

"A pack of cards—what?" echoed Mr. Bulstrode-Travis.

"There's a pack in the library," Cameron cried. "Hardy and I were playing piquet before dinner. I'll get them."

When Lavinia returned with the Virgil, Wyoming begged her to keep it for the moment. He requested everybody to sit down. It was with difficulty that he was able to keep Mr. Bulstrode-Travis quiet. In the end, however, the company had taken seats. Frank Hardy seizing the occasion to claim the place next to Lavinia. They were grouped in an irregular crescent, with Lavinia in the center, and her father on one of the horns.

At last Cameron came back with the cards. "I've looked over them, old man," he said, "and I've no doubt that you will find them all right."

Wyoming took the pack, and, running through it hastily, he selected twelve hearts, the ace to the ten, with the knave and queen.

"I have here," he explained, twelve numbers, counting the knave as eleven and the queen as twelve. And there are twelve books of the 'Æneid.' I will shuffle these dozen cards and take them to Mrs. Vendale and ask her to draw one."

"Must I choose without seeing what it is?" Mrs. Vendale asked.

"Take any one," answered Wyoming, fanning them out before her.

"Then I [illegible]e said, picking

OUR LITTLE ARMY.

Some Reflections on the Report of Major General Schofield.

To peaceful citizens whose imaginations are not filled with dreams of war and glory and military conquest, it is a matter of just pride and congratulation that the army of the United States is one of the smallest in the world. The maximum strength of the regular army is fixed by law at 25,000 enlisted men, and as the report of Maj Gen. Schofield, just published, shows, this army has been reduced by desertions to an actual force of less than 23,000 men. Yet, small as the regular army establishment is, it is ample for the defenses of the country's extensive frontiers in times of peace. When war shall come the country understands very well that it must depend upon its volunteer citizen soldiery, and hence the weakness of the regular army causes no anxiety.

To show how carefully this regular army has been selected, the report of Gen. Schofield states that during the last year there were 24,710 applicants for enlistment, of whom 6,700 were accepted. Desertion continues to be the great evil that afflicts the regular army service. During the year the number of deserters was 2,436, or one in every ten enlisted men. In order to lessen the desertions it is recommended that the term of service be reduced from five to three years, with the right of the enlisted man to obtain an honorable discharge any time by reimbursing the government for its expenses.

There is little doubt that these changes in the army regulations would tend to check desertions. Life for five long years in camp and garrison, accompanied by the severity of military discipline, is very monotonous, and the temptation to escape from this sort of existence is hard for young recruits to resist. If the term of service should be reduced to three years, not only would the temptations to desert be lessened but the re-enlistments would be encouraged, and thus the government would be saved the expense of maintaining so many recruiting stations. Something, too, might be done to improve the army ration, as well as to afford the soldiers better opportunities for mental and physical recreation.

The total expenditure for maintaining the small military establishment of the United States last year was nearly $39,500,000. Austro-Hungary expended a little more than $49,000,000 on an army of 285,000. The annual cost of Italy's military force of 750,000 is about $41,000,000. While the people of the United States are not disposed to complain of the expenditure for the army, they have a right to expect the most perfect model of a military establishment in the world for their money.—*Philadelphia Record.*

NEARLY CAUGHT.

A Lesson That the Dominie Is Likely to Remember.

A minister was walking through a side street not very far from his parsonage, says Mr. Grundy, New York, when he observed a girl on the sidewalk crying. She seemed to be about 12 years old, and the good pastor felt moved to inquire what might be her loss or grief.

"Oh," said the girl, "I have been looking to find a minister who will go to see my mother. She is poor and none of these rich ministers will go to see her."

"I am a minister," said the rector. "Where is your mother?"

He took the child's hand. He went along the street, descended to Third avenue and thought, and the child turned into a house, going through a hall. The minister went up one flight of stairs and the girl beckoned him further on. Something he saw or felt or had reflected caused him to pause. He now looked at the child's face again and saw a different light in it from what had appeared upon the street. A feeling of fear took possession of him, and he said:

"I won't go up there without some person I know to accompany me."

The child turned, and running down a few steps seized him fast and said:

"If you don't give me money I'll have you arrested for following me home."

He failed to put in an appearance, but a day or two later she chanced to see him again, and asked:

"Why didn't you call?"

"Judade, mum, but your card do say 'Thursdays!'"—*Life.*

A Voice for the Occasion.

"Hold on, sis," exclaimed one of the Rambo boys, as he paused at the door; "don't go into the house. The minister is making a call."

"How do you know?" inquired his little sister.

"Can't you hear ma talking? She's got her Sunday voice on."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Asking Too Much.

A mother was correcting her little boy the other day, and, appealing to him, asked how he would feel if he had a son who didn't do that, and so on. When she had reached the end of the inquiry he answered: "Well, mamma, if I had a little boy eight years old I don't think I'd expect the earth of him."—*Hartford Courrant.*

Adam's Private Opinion About It.

"I don't say marriage is a failure," said Adam, candidly, as he sat down on a log just outside the Garden of Eden, and looked hungrily at the fruit on the other side of the wall, "but if I had regained single this wouldn't have happened."—*Peck's Sun.*

EVERYTHING COPIED FROM NATURE

Science and Art Owe all Their Knowledge to Mother Earth's Teachings.

Most of the skillful devices invented by men for doing fine work rapidly can be traced to nature, where for countless centuries they have been operating. The discoverer of each new appliance of mechanism might be shown, that his idea was as old as the hills. It is claimed that the inventors of the future will be those who carefully study the natural world. The burr stones of the mills are another style of the moral teeth which grind all the grist that feeds men and beasts. The hoofs of horses are made of parellel plates like carriage springs. The finest file of human manufacture is a rough affair compared with the Dutch rush used by cabinet makers. The jaws of the turtle and tortoise are natural scissors. The squirrel carries colisels in his mouth, and the hippotamus is provided with adzes, which are constantly sharpened as they are worn. The carpenter's plane is found in the jaws of the bee. The woodpecker has a powerful little hammer. The diving bell imitates the work of a water spider, which constructs a small cell under the water, claps a bubble of air between its hind legs, and dives down to its submarine chamber, with the bubble, displacing the water gradually until its abode with fishes contains a large airy room surrounded by water. In laying its eggs on the water the gnat fastens them in the shape of a lifeboat, which it is impossible to sink without tearing it to pieces.

The iron mast of a modern ship is strengthened by deep ribs running along its interior. A porcupine quill is strengthened by similar ribs. When engineers found hollow beams were stronger than solid ones, they only discovered a principle that is very commonly seen in nature. A wheat straw, if solid, could not support its head of grain. The bones of the higher animals are porous, and those of birds, where lightness and strength are most beautifully combined, are hollow. The framework of a ship resembles the skeleton of a herring. Aeronauts try to copy the structure and movements of birds. Paillsy the French potter, studied seaside shells to learn the best method of fortifying a town. The ship-worm is an admirable tunneler, boring his way through any submerged timber, and lining the round passage with a hard casing. The engineer Brunel took a hint from this animal, and was the first to succeed in tunneling under water.—*Science Gossip.*

THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

Millard Fillmore, Signor Blitz and a Hen That Talked English.

In the first quarter of this century a party of travellers was journeying down the Missouri in a steamboat. The river was covered with floating ice and provisions were scarce, but the men were young, possessed of much more wit than money, and able to extract plenty of fun out of the danger and privation.

One evening two of them, a school teacher and a Frenchman whose occupation nobody could discover, went ashore to buy provisions at a farm-house. The teacher offered a half a dollar to the farmer's wife for a motherly old hen that was scratching about the yard. She refused, with a torrent of abuse.

His comrade, who was lounging over the gate, whispered, "Offer another bit."

"Five bits?" said the teacher.

The woman hesitated, when, to her amazement, the hen squeaked out:

"I'm not worth it!"

The teacher started back in dismay. The farmer's wife, regaining her courage, chased the hen and caught it up in her arms.

"Take two bits! It's all I'm worth!" it said, flapping wildly in her arms.

She ran, pale with terror, to the Frenchman and put it into his hands, screaming out: "Take it away! It's bewitched!"

The young man threw the money back to her and carried off the hen.

Many years afterward, among the crowd in the East Room of the White House, which attended one of the receptions of President Fillmore, was the kindly old Signor Blitz, well known to all the children of the Eastern states as a ventriloquist. When he was introduced to the President, the two men looked at each other a moment and then burst into a laugh.

"You never thought to see me here," said Mr. Fillmore. "Now, for the first time I understand the mystery of the old hen."—*Youth's Companion.*

The Jewish Sabbath.

New York *Hebrew Standard:* There are certain facts which we are bound to recognize. These are that the business interests, the inexorable necessity which compels hundreds to labor on the Jewish Sabbath in order to support their families, have made the observance of the Sabbath the exception instead of the rule. Those you cannot preach to; they do not come to listen to you. You cannot argue with them, because your words will not provide the bread which they and their families must have. There is no Jewish law forbidding worship on a Sunday or on any other day of the week or year, and if Jewish ministers will make their sacrifice of two hours in a week instead of one they deserve our appreciation. There has been no attempt made to transfer, officially at least, the Jewish Sabbath to Sunday, although the first has been surrendered unofficially by hundreds of men who delight in owning a pew in the most orthodox of synagogues. It is the unofficial transfer which stabs Judaism, and no action of the synagogue will avail against it. Our country does not stand alone in this. Every large city in Europe is in a similar plight, and before another century will have passed some action will have to be taken by leaders in Israel. What that action will be we will not attempt to forestall, but we dare say it will be a stronger medicine than a weak dose of a week day service Sunday.

Wherever and whenever Jews labor in the service of good morals, religious training, or whenever and wherever they try to awaken an interest in a higher life, an ideal inspiration, they should be encouraged and not discouraged. The demon of agnosticism and infidelity is abroad doing mischief enough, but it cannot be fought by closing the houses of worship. The misfortune rather is that they are too much closed. Whenever we find them open let us go in and assist in the exercises.

Rochester *Jewish Tidings:* Viewed in the proper light the question can receive but one decision—the change must come.

Work for Home Missionaries.

The other night a lady of the Listener's acquaintance happened to be visiting in a household where it is safe to say that "Robert Elsmere" has not been read, because the family are of the extremest sect of orthodoxy. There was a little girl, and after dinner this little girl having found her way to the visitor's lap, where she sat, big eyed and wistful, the visitor asked:

"Would you like to have me tell you a story?"

"Oh, no," said the child, with a little shudder, "'cause God would 'trike you dead if you told a 'tory!"

This anecdote is absolutely true, and yet we send missionaries to Japan and the South Sea Islands.—*Boston Transcript.*

"Let Sorrow Bide Its Hour."

The following remark came from the lips of little Pearl Menelley, a five-year-old girl, whose father was getting in readiness for a three months' trip to Europe, her older sister, was feeling bad over her papa's prospective long absence, and Pearl, seeing her cry, approached her father, saying:

"What day is to-day, papa?"

"Why, Friday, my dear; why do you ask?"

"Then to-morrow is Saturday, and the next day Sunday, and then comes Monday, and you are going away on Monday, papa?"

"Yes, my little darling, I am sorry to say I am."

"Well, then, papa, I ain't going to cry till Monday."—*Omaha Bee.*

A Wonderful Child.

Mr. Oldboy (admiring the baby).—"Can he talk, my dear madam?"

Fond Mother.—"No, he can't talk yet, but he's a wonderful child; he understands everything one says to him, don't oo, you darling little pinksy winksy, tootsy pootsy dicksy picksy dot?"

Mr. Oldboy.—"Does he understand all that?"

Fond Mother.—"Oh yes."

Mr. Oldboy.—"Well, he is a wonderful child."

An Appropriate Gift.

Johnny—Tommy, let's put our pennies together and buy ma a nice Christmas present.

Tommy—All right.

"What shall it be?"

"Guess we had better get her a padded slipper."—*Texas Siftings.*

Our Serial Story.

THE TALISMAN.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

CHAPTER XI—CONTINUED.

The king was soon at the foot of St. George's Mount, the sides as well as platform of which were now surrounded and crowded, partly by those belonging to the Duke of Austria's retinue, who were celebrating, with shouts of jubilee, the act which they considered as an assertion of national honor; partly by bystanders of different nations, whom dislike to the English, or mere curiosity, had assembled together to witness the end of these extraordinary proceedings. Through this disorderly troop Richard burst his way, like a goodly ship under full sail, which cleaves her forcible passage through the rolling billows, and heeds not that they unite after her passage, and roar upon her stern.

"Who has dared," he said, laying his hand upon the Austrian standard, and speaking in a voice like the sound which precedes an earthquake; "who has dared to place this rag beside the banner of England?"

The archduke wanted not personal courage, and it was impossible he could hear this question without reply. Yet so much was he troubled and surprised by the unexpected arrival of Richard, and affected by the general awe inspired by his ardent and unyielding character, that the demand was twice repeated, in a tone which seemed to challenge heaven an earth, ere the archduke replied, with such firmness as he could command, "It was I, Leopold of Austria."

"Then shall Leopold of Austria," replied Richard, "presently see the rate at which his banner and his pretensions are held by Richard of England."

So saying, he pulled up the standard-spear, splintered it to pieces, threw the banner itself on the ground, and placed his foot upon it.

"Thus," he said, "I trample on the banner of Austria—is there a knight among your Teutonic chivalry, dare impeach my deed?"

There was a momentary silence; but there are no braver men than the Germans.

"I," and "I," and "I," was heard from several knights of the duke's followers; and he himself added his voice to those which accepted the King of England's defiance.

"Why do we dally thus?" said the Earl of Wallenrode, a gigantic warrior from the frontiers of Hungary; "Brethren and noble gentlemen, this man's foot is on the honor of your country—Let us rescue it from violation, and down with the pride of England!"

So saying, he drew his sword, and struck at the king a blow which might have been fatal, had not the Scot intercepted and caught it upon his shield.

"I have sworn," said King Richard—and his voice was heard above all the tumult, which now waxed wild and loud—"never to strike one whose shoulder bears the cross; therefore, live, Wallenrode—but live to remember Richard of England."

As he spoke, he grasped the tall Hungarian round the waist, and, unmatched in wrestling, as in other military exercises, hurled him back ward with such violence, that the mass flew as if discharged from a military engine, not only through the ring of spectators who witnessed the extraordinary scene, but over the edge of the mount itself, down the steep of which Wallenrode rolled headlong, until, pitching at length upon his shoulder, he dislocated the bone, and lay like one dead.

This almost supernatural display of his strength did not encourage either the Duke or any of his followers to renew a personal contest so inauspiciously commenced. Those who stood furthest back did, indeed, clash their swords and cry out, "Cut the island mastiff to pieces!" but those who were nearer, veiled perhaps, their personal fears under an affected zeal for order, and called for the most part, "Peace! peace! the peace of the holy cross—the peace of the holy church and our father the pope!"

These various cries of the assailants, contradicting each other, showed their irresolution; while Richard, his foot still on the archducal banner, glared round him, with an eye that seemed to seek an enemy, and from which the angry nobles shrunk appalled, as from the threatened grasp of a lion.

De Vaux and the Knight of the Leopard kept their places beside him; and though the swords which they held were still sheathed, it was plain that they were very prompt to protect Richard's person to the very last, and their size and remarkable strength plainly showed the defence would be a desperate one.

Salisbury and his attendants were also now drawing near, with bills and partisans brandished, and bows already bended.

At this moment, King Philip of France, attended by one or two of his nobles, came on the platform to inquire the cause of the disturbance, and made gestures of surprise at finding the King of England raised from his sick bed, and confronting fiend common ally the Duke of Austria in such a menacing and insulting posture.

Richard himself blushed at being discovered by Philip, whose sagacity he respected as much as he disliked his person, in an attitude neither becoming his character as monarch, nor as a Crusader; and it was observed that he withdrew his foot, as if accidentally, from the disputed banner. It had changed in his look of violent emotion for one of affected composure and indifference.

Leopold also struggled to attain some degree of calmness, mortified as he was by having been seen by Philip in the act of passively submitting to the insults of the hero King of England.

"Would you thus unseemly broil between the sworn brethren of the Cross—the royal Majesty of England and the princely Duke Leopold. How is it possible that those who are the chiefs and pillars of this holy expedition—"

"A truce with thy remonstrance, France" said Richard, enraged inwardly at finding himself placed on a sort of equality with Leopold, and not knowing how to resent it—"this duke, or prince, or pillar, if you will, hath been insolent, and I have chastized him—that is all. Here is a coil, forsooth, because of a spurning hound."

"Majesty of France," said the Duke, "I appeal to you and every sovereign prince against the foul indignity which I have sustained. The Rood of England hath pulled down my banner—torn and trampled on it."

"Because he had the audacity to plant it beside mine," said Richard.

"My rank as thine equal entitled me," replied the duke, emboldened by the presence of Philip.

"Assert such equality for thy person," said King Richard, "and, by Saint George, I will treat thy person as I did thy broidered kerchief there, fit but for the meanest use to which kerchief may be put."

"Nay, but patience, brother of England," said Philip, "and I will show Austria that he is wrong in this matter. Do not think, noble duke, to gain any thing like a standard of England to occupy the highest point in our camp, we, the independent sovereigns of the Crusade, acknowledge any inferiority to the royal Richard. It were inconsistent to think so; since even the oriflamme itself—the great banner France, to which the royal Richard himself, in respect to his French possessions, is but a vassal—holds [illegible] place to the Lions of England. But as sworn brethren of the Cross, military pilgrims, who laying aside the pomp and pride of this world, are hewing with our swords the way to the holy sepulchre, I myself, and the other princes, have renounced to King Richard from respect to his high renown and great feat of arms, that patience which elsewhere, and upon other motives, would not have been yielded. I am satisfied than when your royal grace of Austria shall have considered this, you will express sorrow for having placed your banner on this spot, and that the royal Majesty of England will then give satisfaction for the insult he has offered."

The duke answered sullenly, that he would refer his quarrel to the General Council of the Crusade—a motion which Philip highly applauded, as qualified to take away a scandal most harmful to all Christendom.

Richard, retaining the same careless attitude, listened to Philip until his oratory seemed exhausted, and then said aloud, "I am drowsy—this fever hangs about me still. Brother of France, thou art acquainted with my humor, and that I have at all times but few words to spare—know therefore, at once, I will submit a matter thus coming the honor of England neither to Pope, Prince, nor Council. Here stands my banner—whatsoever pennon shall be reared within three butts' length of it—aye, were it the oriflamme of which you were, I think, but now speaking, shall be treated as that dishonored rag; nor will I yield other satisfaction than that which these poor limbs can render in the lists to any bold challenge—aye, were it against five champions instead of one."

Philip answered calmly to the almost furious defiance of Richard. "I came not hither to awaken fresh quarrels, contrary to the oath we have sworn, and the holy cause in which we have engaged. I pare from my brother of England as brother should part, and the only strife between the Lions of England and the Lilies of France, shall be, which shall be carried the deepest into the ranks of the infidels."

"It is a bargain, my royal brother," said Richard, stretching out his hand with all the frankness which belonged to his rash but generous disposition; "and soon may we have the opportunity to try this gallant and fraternal wager!"

"Let this noble duke also partake in the friendship of this happy moment," said Philip, and the duke approached half sullenly, half-willing to enter into some accommodation.

"I think not of fools, nor their folly," said Richard carelessly; and the archduke, turning his back on him, quickly withdrew from the ground.

Richard looked after him as he retired.

"There is a sort of glow-worm courage," he said, that shows only at night. I must not leave this banner unguarded in darkness—by daylight the look of the Lions will alone defend it. Here, Thomas of Gilsland, I give thee the charge of the standard—watch over the honor of England."

"Her safety is yet more dear to me," said De Vaux, "and the life of Richard is the safety of England—I must have your Highness back to your tent, and that without further parley."

"Thou art a rough and peremptory nurse De Vaux," said Richard smiling; and then added, addressing Sir Kenneth, "Valiant Scot, I owe thee a boon, and will repay it richly. There stands the banner of England! Watch it as a novice does his armor on the night before he is dubbed—stir not from it for one hour's length, and defend it with thy body against injury or insult—sound thy bugle if thou art assailed by more than three at once. Dost thou undertake the charge?"

"Willingly," said Kenneth; "and will discharge it upon penalty of my head. I will but arm me, and return hither instantly."

The kings of France and England then took formal leave of each other, hiding, under an appearance of courtesy, the grounds of complaint which either had against the other.

Those whom this disturbance had assembled, now drew off in different directions, leaving the contested mount in the same solitude which it had till lately been. Only the Austrian bravado Men judged of the events of the day according to their partialities; and while the English charged the Austrian with having afforded the first ground of quarrel, those of other nations concurred in casting the greater blame on the insular haughtiness and assuming character of Richard.

"Thou seest," said the Marquis of Montserrat to the Grand Master of the Templars "that subtle courses are more effective than violence. I have unloosed the bonds which held together this bunch of sceptres and lances—thou wilt see them shortly fall asunder."

"I would have called thy plan a good one," said the Templar, "had there been but one man of courage among yonder cold-blooded Austrians, to sever the bonds of which you speak, with this sword. A knot that is unloosed may again be fastened, but not so the cord which has been cut to pieces."

CHAPTER XII.

It was midnight, and the moon rode clear and high in heaven, when Kenneth, of Scotland, stood upon his watch on Saint George's Mount, beside the banner of England, a solitary sentinel, to protect the emblem of that nation against the insults which might be meditated among the thousands whom Richard's pride had made his enemies. Eight months had rolled away since the Austrian had with such violence, that the mass flew as if discharged from a military engine, not only through the ring of spectators who witnessed the extraordinary scene, but over the edge of the mount itself, down the steep of which Wallenrode rolled headlong, until, pitching at length upon his shoulder, he dislocated the bone, and lay like one dead.

This almost supernatural display of his strength did not encourage either the Duke or any of his followers to renew a personal contest so inauspiciously commenced. Those who stood furthest back did, indeed, clash their swords and cry out, "Cut the island mastiff to pieces!" but those who were nearer, veiled perhaps, their personal fears under an affected zeal for order, and called for the most part, "Peace! peace! the peace of the holy cross—the peace of the holy church and our father the pope!"

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Recent Literature.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Old Songs With Drawings—Household History of the United States—Repose in Egypt—The Chezzles—The Birds' Christmas Carol—New Magazines—Other Notes.

Edward Eggleston is so well known as an author that his name coupled with a work is sufficient to make it well received by the public. This is the case with "The Household History of the United States and Its People." The author says that it is intended not alone for boys and girls, but for young men and women who have yet to make themselves familiar with the more important features of their country's history. It is written in a clear style, easily read and understood by the young, and yet not in a way to make it less acceptable to older readers. Curious and picturesque details are inserted, anecdotes are related, and, in short, there is enough sympathy and imagination in its recitals to put away from its reading any thought of weariness. The text and illustrations are admirably done so far as the prose work is concerned; the volume is well bound, and as a whole, is exceedingly attractive. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

The Appletons also issue "A Manual of Decorative Composition," by Henri Mayeux, architect of the French government and professor of decorative art in the municipal schools of Paris. It is translated by J. Gomo. The work is intended for designers, decorators, architects and industrial artists. It is the summing up in a simple practical way the knowledge that only comes by experience. It is as complete, the author says, as the narrow limits necessary permits, and it appears to be so. There is no doubt but those for whom it is intended will find it full of practical suggestions.

From "Flag to Flag" is a woman's story of adventures and experiences in the South during the war, in Mexico, and in Cuba. It opens with a description of a plantation home in Louisiana, where all was peace and happiness until the opening of the war. Then follows a description of the early days, when all was enthusiasm, a crevasse, the occupation of Baton Rouge two visits of the Northern soldiers, the breaking up of the home, the flight, after adventures, etc., all together making up a very entertaining narrative. Published by the Appletons.

Mrs. Susan E. Wallace, wife of Gen. Lew Wallace, has just published a book, her second this year, entitled "The Repose in Egypt: a Medley." While devoted to travel and observation in Egypt and along the Bosphorus, the style is not that of the rapid tourist or dry chronicler of facts. It has graces of sentiment and the emotion and imaginative thought aroused are not under restraint. After the exceedingly interesting journey through the land of Ben Hur come six papers on Constantinople, including a charming romance, about "One Woman," a titled and gifted English woman, whose wild career carried her to a palace in Damascus, and at last to the tent of an Arab sheik—to a tent in the desert, but as the mother and queen of a tribe. The concluding paper is entitled "In the Harem." The book has over twenty illustrations, including a full-page photogravure of a beautiful Egyptian woman. Published by John B. Alden, New York.

From Harper and Brothers, New York, comes a magnificent volume entitled "Old Songs, with Drawings," by Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons. As the name indicates, favorite old ballads were selected and illustrated in character, the whole making a most charming volume. It is printed upon heavy cream-colored paper, quarto size, and beautifully bound in morocco. It forms a superb gift book.

"Ayer's Almanac, for 1889," makes its appearance in pretty bound volume form, printed in 21 languages. This almanac has now become a national feature, the first one having appeared in 1852, then, however, printed only in English. The yearly issue is now over 13,000,000 of copies. It is unique among almanacs. Published by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

In the series of "American Commonwealths," edited by Horace E. Scudder, and published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, comes "Ohio, First Fruits of the Ordinance of 1787," by Rufus King. It is a well written history of the state from the earliest times down to the present, accompanied with maps, by which the reader can follow the course of events.

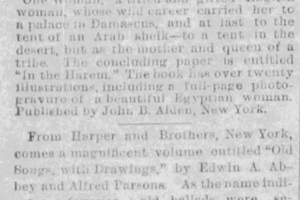
From the same house comes "The Chezzles," which is a story by Lucy Gibbons Morse. It opens with a great event in the Chezzle family, and that was the departure of Mrs. Chezzle for Europe, where she is called by the sickness of a brother, the sending of the two little boy Chezzles to a sea coast town to board for the summer, and the renting of the home to strangers. The story follows all of these persons, relating what befell them in a most interesting way. The trip to France constitutes the most important part of the plot, and the results are what brings a happy ending to the story.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. also issue "The Christmas Carol," by Kate Douglas Wiggin, a very pretty story of the Christmas times which is full of fascination for the little folks. It is charmingly written and illustrated, and makes a very pretty holiday gift.

The "American Poets' Calendar for 1889" which is published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston, presents in color a library scene in which Longfellow, Whittier, Emerson and Lowell are the principal figures, whilst the pad, besides bearing the date, has also selections from the familiar words of our most famous American poets. It is sold for one dollar.

"The Bible and Land," by James B. Converse, is published at Morristown, Pa., by the author. It is a little treatise designed to show that all taxation should be imposed upon the value of land, and that this mode alone is in accord with the plans of the Creator. It is an original argument, and, while entirely different from any hitherto advocated, it is worth reading and thinking about, especially at the present crisis of public debate upon this social and economic question.

Tempus Fugit.



He—How very quickly time seems to pass, Mrs. Van Buttem, doesn't it?

She—Yes, indeed, Mr. Slowbooby. It doesn't seem possible that its nearly breakfast time, does it?

Two Good Stories About Twins.

The other night the subject of twins was up, as a matter of conversation. The resemblance of twins is always interesting, and some stories were told which were new to the listener. One was about a pair of twin sisters, excellent ladies, who lived near each other in a Massachusetts town. One of these twins was ailing somewhat, and one day her sister, bonnetless and shawlless, ran in to see how she was, and found that the ailing one was bonnet her to do an important errand. So she put on the ailing sister's shawl and bonnet and went to the store. Arriving there, she saw her own image in a large looking-glass, and exclaimed:

"Why, you decided to come yourself, after all. I don't think you are well enough!"

By way of the opposite of the story, a member of the party told of a country woman who was asked if her twin sister resembled her.

"Laws, no!" exclaimed the old lady; "we ain't no more alike than 's if 't want us 't all. She's just as different as I be t'other way!"—*Boston Transcript.*

THE OLD STORY.

Rather inclined to be pretty,
Rather inclined to be good;
Rather inclined not to make up her mind
To marry—that is, not just yet.
Sister she'll be to them all, and
Loving, and faithful, and true;
Rather inclined round her finger to wind
About—say a dozen or two.

DINING WITH BRAHMINS.

The Experience of an American Who Could Not Eat "Distilled Fire."

One of the most enjoyable occasions falling out to us in Bombay was through an invitation to dine with a Christian family who had been high caste Brahmins. The father was one of the most eminent of native Christian ministers, and had been for many years the beloved pastor of the American Board's church in Bombay. His wife, daughter and sons are active workers in the mission and church. One of his sons, a young man, is preparing for the ministry at Ahmednuggur, and his daughter is engaged in the school. This entertainment was given in native style to show us how a dinner is served. The family have long since adopted the habits of the European and American Christians. The floor upon which the dinner was served was smoothed over with the usual mortar of cow dung and clay. Through the middle of the room a passage was laid out on the floor, with lines drawn in colored chalk, with borders such as a fresco artist would draw around a panel on a ceiling. The floor, when dried, was ochre color and the border was of light blue touched in points with red. This passage was for the attendants, who were girdled about the waists, to walk over while serving the guests.

THE FOOD WAS SERVED ON PLANTAIN LEAVES instead of plates and laid on the floor along these ornamented lines. The guest sat down on the floor, which is always the easiest motion to the nimble-limbed natives, but to an American with a considerable share of corporosity it was accompanied by a grunt, and when this sensation of discomfort began, the members rebelled at their restraint, and were too painful to be graceful. Nor was the back any more submissive to the new conditions, the fact that every part of the body was in an unwonted position caused it to grow tender and fretful. It was a long, ceremonious and punctilious affair, in full detail of Oriental etiquette. At intervals, when eyes were not regarding the writer, the position was quickly changed from one part of the sitting base to the other. One leg in pain was drawn up and the other asleep was

STRETCHED OUT WITH A SIGH

for the time of general deliverance when it might be possible to get up. We had been instructed in the table manners of the Brahmins, which were to eat everything with a relish and with the greatest deliberation. The first article of food, served on a leaf laid on the floor, was rice moulded in a very large teacup and turned bottom side up. This was dressed with curry, which is in as universal use in India as butter in America. This curry is made of exceedingly pungent ingredients mixed with red pepper until it is as hot as distilled fire. Etiquette required every particle of this half pound of boiled rice to be eaten and the appetite of the American guest was set in motion. But the digestion not being

ADAPTED TO THIS HOT DRESSING,

hiccoughs started, shaking the diaphragm and kindred parts violently. It was soon apparent that something heroic had to be done or the occasion would be unseemly. The rice had to be disposed of, and as we had no leather bag, such as relieved Jack the Giant-Killer, the pocket handkerchief was brought into requisition. Brahmin etiquette requires all to be eaten with the fingers, so the handkerchief was used freely as a diversion, and while it was being flourished about the face the whole of the rice from off the plantain leaf was neatly deposited in the handkerchief, folded up in it, and put in the coat-tail pocket with the determination to empty the rice into the street at the first opportunity. The rest of the dinner was enjoyed, strange as it was to our habits and tastes. Bananas sliced and dressed in buttermilk were served and were very palatable. The meat dished, but cut into very small appearance of flesh, for the Brahmins are religiously vegetarians, there being no greater offence in their eyes than the destroying of animal life under any condition. They will give up their own lives to vicious animals or serpents rather than save them by violence to the offending creature. The evening was spent in pleasant intercourse with the Christian family and rest was sought at its close in the Great Western hotel.

THE RICE IN THE COAT POCKET

was entirely forgotten for a day or two until it dried, and by or after upon it in cars and carriages its grains were well segregated when its grand finale came. We were at luncheon in the hotel at the table with about one hundred guests, and by mistake took some of the latter curry. Immediately the hiccoughs began, and we reached quickly back to get a pocket handkerchief, the disposition of the rice having been forgotten. When the handkerchief was brought out the half pound of imprisoned rice brought from the feast scattered every everything, person, plate and table cloth, and rattled on the bare floor among the feet of the guests. Consternation ensued, and the unfortunate victim was in condition to "wish he were dead." An Englishman said to his neighbor in a low tone: "He must be a rice merchant and carries his samples in his pocket." His friend replied: "I think he belongs to the sect of the Jains and carries it to feed the birds." What other remarks were make about the strange proceedings we were not in sufficient condition of receptivity to hear, and as exit was being made from the dining room the last thing seen was a servant with a brush and dust pan sweeping it up as if the whole place had been contaminated with it.—*Dr. Butchmore's corres. of the Presbyterian.*

THE HIGHEST COURT.

Who It Admits to Practice Before It, and the Way it is Done.

The Supreme court of the United States is daily the scene of an event which, while not of especial interest to the spectators, is of marked interest to the actors. It is the introduction of lawyers from the various states and territories to practice before the highest judicial tribunal in the land. A lawyer must be eight years a citizen and a member of the Supreme court of his own state or territory and must be introduced by a member of the United States Supreme court bar in in good standing. As soon as a few formal words of introduction are uttered by the sponsor the applicant is directed to the clerk's desk, and there, in company with any others who may have been introduced, he is sworn to observe the rules and observances of the court and to maintain the constitution of the United States. The applicant is then conducted to the clerk's room, where he signs his name and address in a book kept for the purpose, and also pays the $10 fee, usually with a crisp $10 bill.

Scarcely a day passes that one or more attorneys are not introduced to the Supreme court, Monday, however, is the day generally selected. Monday is the day on which the court renders its decisions. The installations take place as soon as the last decision is read, and, as a rule, the last decision of the day is read by the Chief Justice, who waits until the other judges have concluded. The Chief Justice then bows to the attorney-general, who in turn bows to the lawyers who have announced their intention of introducing professional brothers. The sponsors and the applicant rise and the introduction follows.

The Supreme Court Bible is a small, black velvet-covered octavo. It has been used in the administration of every oath since 1808. Every Chief Justice and every Associate Justice of the United States has held this little sacred tome in taking the oath of office. Many thousands of lawyers have held it, and to write the names of the men who have touched its covers would be to name the men who have made the bench and bar of the United States illustrious. It was printed in London in 179?, and is to-day but little the worse for wear.—*Washington Special to Pittsburg Dispatch.*

It is Still Leap Year.

Augustus and Marie had been maintaining an awkward silence for some minutes. At last she remarked: "You are very quiet this evening."

"Yes, I am," he admitted frankly. "I don't suppose many of the young men who visit you are as dull in conversation as I am."

"Some of them talk more than you do. There's Jack Swingerly—he always has ever so much to say."

"What does Jack talk about?"

"Why," she responded, carefully watching his face, "his favorite topic is love."

"That is a subject that I carefully avoid," said Augustus, who was not as much of a fool as he looked.

"For what reason? I'm sure it is not so dreadful."

"I don't know about that. I lost a dear friend once because he fooled with a pistol. He didn't know it was loaded."—*Merchant Traveller.*

Found at Last.

"Miss Jollibud," asked Featherly, "do you sing?"

"No."

"Play the piano?"

"No."

"Cook?"

"No."

"Paint sunflowers on plaques?"

"No; why do you ask?"

"Well, I wanted to know, because I—well —oh—Miss Jollibud, will you be my wife?"—*Harper's Bazar.*

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

A CHRYSTMESSE WYSHE.

There be
A wyshe I have for Thee
Thys Chrystmesse-tyde;
Maye Joye, and aile Gladde thynges
The seasonne brings,
Gette to Thee
And Abyde.

—*Belford's Magazine.*

AN astute Belgian judge—with a small j—has decided lately that an energetic young lady who had passed a brilliant examination in law could not be admitted to practice at the Belgian bar because, being a woman, her social duties are incompatible with the legal profession, and moreover "modern legislation prohibits women from exercising any legal rights without the consent of her husband, consequently it is impossible to admit that women can do for other persons what she is incapacitated from doing for herself." Most cogent reasoning to his own thought, but of a kind which does not seem to satisfy the educated classes of France and Belgium generally, as it is said the greatest excitement has been caused by his decision. The same dispatch tells of a young Austrian lady who has just brilliantly passed all examinations for a doctor and will practice in Paris. The remarks from one of the members of the committee who passed upon the examination, contained a sting even while admitting that women did as well in their studies as men, for he accused them of not being willing to take subordinate places in hospitals and elsewhere, and he therefore concludes that women doctors have no future before them. Possibly he may be right in regard to their aspirations, but though they aspire it is certain that in this, as in any other profession, there is no royal road to success, and they will be likely to find that out, if they do not know it already. In this country women physicians have proved themselves as efficient and skilful as men, in proportion to their numbers and advantages.

EVERY winter charitable societies and churches are on the *qui vive* for new schemes by which a few hundred or thousand dollars may be made. Fairs and bazars have become a little time worn and ancient, but among the newest entertainments is the "Festival of the Signs of the Zodiac." Fancy articles, flowers and candy are the stock in trade, as usual, but the name is new, if the method of procedure is old. The festival is held in a large hall, with booths arranged around the walls, leaving a clear space in the middle. The booths are twelve in number, beginning with January and so on through the months of the year. The zodiacal sign of the month is placed over the booth, which is appropriately decorated for the season of the year it represents. For instance, March is indicated by a huge paper mill built, for some inscrutable reason, in a domain while it numbers countless pin wheels, dear to childish hearts, among its wares.

ANOTHER similar affair, though masked under a different name is the "rainbow reception." In this case each booth represents a color of the rainbow and is presided over by maidens in corresponding costumes.

The violet booth is under the charge of attendants dressed in violet and pansy-colored gowns, and here sweets are sold. The green booth is devoted to flowers. The white booth is in the form of a Greek temple, adorned with gold leaves, while the ladies are attired in Greek costumes and crowned with myrtle wreaths. In addition to these are the indigo, lemon colored and blue booths. In the last named the assistants are dressed in gowns of heavenly blue, spangled with silver moons and golden stars. The effect is very pretty and seen under the rays of an electric light gives one the impression of a gorgeous rainbow, split to pieces and scattered around in a brilliant, glittering circle.

CHICAGO has a very enterprising museum manager who has placed upon exhibition something which, to say the least, is very unique. It is a piece of brown and purple skin, pasted upon brown parchment. Attached to it are large red seals, accompanied by hieroglyphics which only the scholars and wisemen are able to decipher. Above all this is the following startling inscription:

Skin of the Serpent
That tempted Eve in the
Garden of Paradise—
It was killed by Adam the following day after the treason.
Adam hit it with a club, of which traces of the blow are still left.
This skin was part of the inheritance of Adam, and was preserved by his family in Asia.
The genuineness is attested by the Doctors of Divinity, whose seals are attached.

Perhaps a few of the credulous ones may take this all in, or rather, allow it to take them in. But it makes one wonder what dime-museum enterprise will produce next. It may be the core of the fatal apple that caused the fall.

WOMEN were first in the field of daily journalism, in fact it is said that they founded it. The first daily newspaper was published in London in 1702, and was established and edited by a woman. The first paper to publish the Declaration of Independence was the Virginia *Gazette*, edited by Clementina Reed. In New York, Rhode Island find Maryland, the earliest papers were published by women, while more than fifty years ago Washington possessed a woman editor. She issued a small weekly, named "Paul Pry" and published plain, if not always pleasant, truths. It is to be regretted that the paper was conducted on rather of a blackmailing basis. Senators and Representatives all took it and gave it advertisements or else facts concerning others which were better concealed and forgotten than given to the public. However, there was one thing in its favor, it never published anything that was not strictly true and could not be proven. Women have been driven from the journalistic field for lack of cash to conduct their enterprises. Men, as a general thing, hold the purse strings, and there are few who are willing to resign in favor of those who are strongfully called the weaker sex. However, women prepared the way, and the world is now reaping the benefit, and though there are many famous women writers, it is not yet a common thing to find one an acknowledged journalist.

A MAN with an unpronouncable name—Abdank-Abakanowiez—has invented an electrical machine by means of which any one can play the piano. By this nearly heartless device music can be played forward, backward, and one might say sideways, producing a combination of sounds which, when turned forward, is called Mozart, and backward, Wagner. It is to be hoped that this instrument wherewith any one can play the piano will not be turned abroad in the land. Too many people play it now, after a fashion, and for any one to be able to perform well with the aid of a machine is enough to dampen the ardor of any musician and make him look with regret upon the years of hard labor spent on the training of the fingers and mind.

QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

The hungry tramps for victuals sighed;
To beg he deigned to stoop;
The housewife his request denied,
And he was "in the soup."

He tried again, success he had;
A bowl filled to the brim
With broth he got, and he was glad;
The soup was then in him.—*Boston Courier.*

The Composition of Wool.

Of the composition of wool this estimate has been given: Carbon, 50 per cent; hydrogen, 7; nitrogen, 17; oxygen, 21, and sulphur, 5. While 88 per cent would be organic, 2 per cent would be ash. The fibre varies in diameter, the delicate Saxon merino being the thirteen-thousandth of an inch, and the Southdown the eleven-thousandth. Soundness of fibre indicates health. Lustrous wool is long and strong, sometimes twenty inches in length. Old sheep usually lose the power of producing the best wool. As a rule, the wool of marshy and stormy localities is poor, though the wool of Shetland has always been famous; but in this case the breed has remained uncontaminated with inferior breeds. The curls on some wool may be from twelve to 27 in an inch. As soon as the point of the fibre has protruded through the skin of the animal, a series of growths take place. One side grows faster than the other, and causes the curl. The finer the wool the greater is the tendency to curl.

Average.

Miss Dovey—Why did you bring a coupe to take me to the theater, Mr. Simpson? I'd just as soon go in a car.

Mr. Simpson—I wish I'd known that an hour ago, Miss Dovey. But we'll go without supper and make up the difference in that way.—*Buffalo Courier.*

—MAKE NO MISTAKE.—If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine, possessing by virtue of its peculiar combination, proportion and preparation, curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. For all affections arising from impure blood or low state of the system it is unequalled. Be sure to get Hood's.

A JAUNT SOUTHWARD.

AN AMERICAN GAME PRESERVE

From Swamp to Upland—A New Winter Retreat—The Blade Reporter Starts Northward and Finds a Gin Mill.

SACRED among the legends of New Orleans is one relating how Pere Antoine, or Padre Antonio, which means the same, an early Spanish missionary-monk, being severely persecuted by an opposing faction of the church, and by the bishop himself, disappeared into the cypress swamp, where some days later he was discovered amid alligators and rattlesnakes and garfish and mosquitoes, praying for divine aid to relieve him from his persecutors. The discovery was opportune, and had such influence on the people that he was triumphantly restored to favor.

Since that time, which was an early day, the swamp environment of New Orleans has been talked about, and written about with all varieties of animus. Story tellers have caused runaway slaves and white criminals to wander days and days through the trackless wastes, to finally die of starvation or succumb to the attacks of reptiles; romancists have led us to the darkest and most inaccessible recesses and shown us the horrible incantations of voudoo worship; historians of war have described armies floundering in the mire while fighting noxious creatures more bloodthirsty than the human enemy, and artists in word painting have found their most vivid pigments in the gloomy cypress swamps.

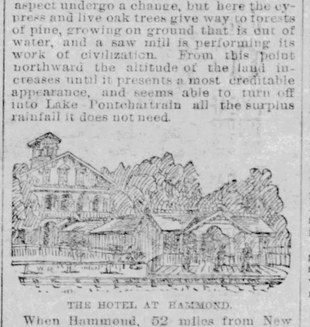
I have myself indulged a little in the word painting art, for I remember that years ago, before I knew better, I was so impressed by this sombre gloom that I was led into saying a good many things about cypress swamp vegetation and animal life that I thought at the time were original. Then I might have said that the graceful drapery of moss, which depends so long upon the boughs of the forest giant for sustenance and support, changes its gray-green garb to the hue of mourning when the sap ceases to flow through the veins of the parent stem; and when the leaves have fallen, never more to be clothed in green, seems to mourn the departed life, and to the whispering zephyrs softly murmur the praises of the dead and sigh a requiem mass for the soul's repose.

If I were to say anything about the subject now, when I am more practical, I would state that the Spanish moss, of which there is such a profusion on the trees in the swamps, is an excellent substitute for curled hair in the manufacture of cushions and mattrasses, and its preparation and shipment to the North is quite an industry in some parts of the South.

Having started out to say something about swamps and running into the upholstering business, as I have done, thus far I must have digressed.

Leaving New Orleans by the Illinois Central railroad, the traveler is given a good idea of what a real swamp should be in order to come up to specifications. Within a train length of the city passenger terminus the traveler is plunged at once into the swamp which, for 48 miles along the road, is the most dismal stretch of country (if country it can be called) to be found on the face of the globe—a combination of land, water and timber that is utterly useless to the present race of men.

Not until Ponchatoula is reached, 48 miles from New Orleans, does the dismal aspect undergo a change, but here the cypress and live oak trees give way to forests of pine, evergreen ground that is out of water, and a saw mill is performing its work of civilization. From this point northward the altitude of the land increases until it presents a most creditable appearance, and seems able to turn off into Lake Pontchartrain all the surplus rainfall it does not need.



THE HOTEL AT HAMMOND.

When Hammond, 52 miles from New Orleans, is reached, we have forgotten all about the disreputable region through which we have passed, in contemplating the aspect before us. The train stopped here for refreshments, and while some of the passengers undertook to eat a lunch at the hotel others went to an adjacent inclosure and had some fun with an eleven-foot alligator. This may, at first glance, look as though I were exaggerating the number of feet the animal possesses, while the truth is I refer simply to his length, over all, and am merely another man's statement for my authority. The black bear in a pen near was not molested, as I had no bulbenlar grudge against him.

First, I shied pebbles at the lazy creature and made him wink, then I poked him in the ribs with a stick and caused him to emit a roar that was as startling as it was unexpected. I didn't know that an alligator would roar, and on a certain previous experience with these animals I had neglected to poke one under the shoulder blade for the fun of the thing—for the reason, perhaps, that it is much more agreeable to make this kind of an experiment when a fence is between the experimenter and experimentee.

A LITTLE SWEET REVENGE.

A citizen of Hammond, who became a fellow passenger, gave me considerable information about this region, which is of sufficient general interest to print. The place is being boomed as a winter resort and as a good location for settlers, and as my new acquaintance told me that roses bloom there out of doors all winter long, and the water, from deep artesian wells, is pure and wholesome, the natural advantages are evidently desirable.

According to my newly found acquaintance the advantages of Hammond as a winter resort, or as an all-the-year-round habitation, are manifold. The place is exceedingly healthy, and the climate is such that startling results may be obtained from judicious vegetable gardening and growing small fruits. The country around is adapted for small farming though it is so new that its capacity has not yet been ascertained. Already over fifty Northern families are located at Hammond, and more are expected this winter, and as the railroad company is pursuing a liberal, honest policy, this will soon become a most important point on the road.

"When you come back this way again," said my friend, "I'll take you out to Mr. Morris's plantation of 5,000 acres, 3,000 of which he has devoted to a game preserve."

The newspaper man was grateful for the invitation and was eager to know more about the Morris place.

"About twelve miles from the Hammond station," he continued, "is the largest private game preserve in this country. It is reached by a good road and good bridges built at the private expense of Mr. Morris.

"About a commodious mansion you will find a grove of live oaks and pecans, an extensive garden, and around this is the sportsman's paradise. It is thoroughly English. On the place have been turned out hundreds of imported pheasants, a thousand quail and a great many wild turkeys, ducks, doves, rabbits, innumerable squirrels, and some deer. Then, in one enclosure are nearly 2,000 upland terrapin, which are fed on slops from the kitchen.

"Should think some of those land turtles would go hungry where there are so many," I remarked.

"Oh, they will eat acorns, too," was the rejoinder. "The owner is also experimenting with the raising of cattle and sheep—all of the finest breed, and he does it all for fun and not money. Two men are constantly employed to feed the game and kill the pests that commit depredations. Come down again and I'll show you the place."

I promised him I would and I know it would be worth my while.

He left me at the station called Amite, where there is a large manufacturing establishment which bore a sign declaring to the world that it was the works of the Trulett Gin company. This is the first time I ever saw gin associated with the gullet in this way.

I could make a pretty fair pun here if I only knew for certain whether that factory makes gin to drink or cotton gins—widely different. BEAM.

A MOON-CROSSED SUN.

TOTAL ECLIPSE ON JANUARY 1, '89.

The New Year to Be Ushered in by a Total Eclipse of the Sun—Observations in California—Universities Will Send Parties to Make Photographic Experiments.

NEW YEAR'S day will be ushered in by a total eclipse.

The New Year's day sunlight will be dimmed by the moon.

It will be a solar eclipse, and is looked forward to with much interest by the student of science who expects to obtain important data therefrom. It will not last much longer than two minutes, which is one minute shorter than the general rule.

CALIFORNIA'S ADVANTAGE.

The best observations of the eclipse will be made in California, and many of the prominent universities of the country will send representatives to that state to view the phenomena.

Observations will be made in California at fifteen different stations, astronomers coming from Rochester, N. Y.; Greencastle, Ind.; Minnesota, Harvard University and other points in the East on purpose to make the observations, so that the results will be voluminous, and will be awaited with much interest by all astronomers.

The reason for California's advantage in viewing the eclipse, is that the line of totality where eclipse can be established is principally in the northern and southern portions of that state.

The different parties will work for different results. Some will photograph, some will sketch, and others will watch the varying phases of the eclipse and write out their impressions.

The purpose of the observations will be a study of the surroundings of the sun, the accomplishment of which can be successful only when Old Sol's brilliancy is dimmed.

WHERE IT WILL BE SEEN.

The eclipse will begin in San Francisco at twenty-three minutes and eight seconds past 12 o'clock, and at the end of contact will be 6? eight minutes and fifty-seven seconds past 3, the total eclipse not being seen at San Francisco at all.

The Lick Observatory will have a station one hundred miles north of San Francisco, where the belt of totality passes from the Aleutian Islands southeasterly to the Pacific coast and northeasterly, leaving the north between Lake Superior and Hudson Bay. Here it touches the Pacific coast. The eclipse at the station will be partial, not total, and will be observed by Professor Holden and Messrs. Burnham and Schaeberle.

The Warner Observatory, of Rochester, will have a station seventy-five miles north of Sacramento, almost on the same line with the Lick.

The partial phase of the eclipse will be observed by students of the University of California at Berkeley, under Professor Soule, at the University of the Pacific and at the Chabot Observatory in Oakland. At this last a number of photographs will be taken by members of the Pacific Coast association of Amateur Photographers.

HARVARD'S OBSERVERS.

Harvard's party of astronomers will be stationed at Willows, with Prof. H. W. Pickering in charge. The others in the party are Messrs. A. Lawrence Rotch, Samuel Bailey E. Young and Robert Slack. Willow is in the Sacramento Valley, the observing station having an altitude of 2,000 feet above the sea level and being about 200 miles from San Francisco.

The telescopes to be taken are of 13 inches and 8 inches diameter, and they will remain for a time on Wilson's peak, in Southern California, after which they will be taken to Peru and placed in the permanent observatory there to be established by Harvard University to co operate in the southern hemisphere with the observatory in Cambridge.

Very complete apparatus for the photographing of the spectrum will also be in service, and should the clouds not intervene a great number of plates will be made.

MAGNITUDE OF STARS.

From these it is expected to observe more accurately the number and magnitude of the stars in the immediate vicinity of the sun and also the changes which may have taken place in the corona since the last total eclipse, which Professor Pickering, of Harvard, observed from a South American station.

The usual observations for measuring the sun's distance and heat will be taken, but the chief object of the Harvard party will be photographic.

IN THE EAST.

The eclipse will be partially visible in Albany at 1 o'clock in the afternoon on January 1, and the eclipse will be after sunset. It will be observed at Dudley University, but as it is only a partial eclipse there the astronomers do not attach must importance to it. They would have sent a party out to California to make observations, but on account of the short duration of the eclipse it is not deemed of enough importance to warrant the expense and trouble.

THE BEGINNING.

The beginning of the eclipse will be marked by a small black notch made in the luminous disc of the sun on the western side by the advancing edge of the limb of the moon. Before the moon has advanced so as to cover the sun's disc an hour must elapse.

What will be first noticed will be the change taking place in the surrounding atmosphere, a ruddy glow being apparent. Up to the time the sun disappears the color will become more and more lurid, and at the moment of total eclipse the moon will seem as being isolated in the heavens surrounded by the sun's corona.

In the accompanying table the duration and time of beginning and ending contacts for fifteen stations in California are quoted:

PLACES.	Begins.	Ends.	Duration.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	M. S.
Mondcefno	1 45 41	3 47 44	1 43
Point Arena	1 45 21	3 47 5	2 3
Ukiah	1 44 59	3 47 1	2 2
Cloverdale	1 45 44	3 48 32	1 48
Lakeport	1 46 31	3 48 33	2 2
Calistoga	1 46 51	3 48 23	1 32
Yount	1 47 41	3 49 40	1 59
Orland	1 47 43	3 49 33	1 50
Maxwell	1 47 56	3 49 58	2 2
Tehama	1 47 59	3 49 12	1 13
Chico	1 48 19	3 50 16	1 57
Marysville	1 49 17	3 50 54	1 38
Grass Valley	1 50 25	3 51 47	1 22
Quincy	1 49 53	3 51 53	2 0
Susanville	1 50 24	3 51 50	1 26

—*New York Evening Telegram.*

As Good as Medicine.

Invalids like encouragement. The physician of kindly demeanor always gives as a remedy in his practice. There is an indefinite yet delightful assurance of convalescence in every word, every gesture.

But better than this is evidence, evidence of past successful cases in the hands of others, such, for instance, as the following, in regard to Compound Oxygen.

FREEMANSBURG, N. Y., August 10, 1888.

"I would not have been amongst the living if it had not been for Compound Oxygen."

MRS. S. RAFFLEYE.

NORWOOD, MASS., August 10, 1888.

"I have improved very much under your Treatment." MRS. USTICE STOCK.

NEWARK, N. J., June 12, 1888.

"Mother and I have enjoyed good health, no doctor having been called in our home for over three years, ever since I first sent for Compound Oxygen." MISS SUSIE STEELE.

MILTON, DEL., August 8, 1888.

"My wife says I must tell you she believes that she would have been in her grave if it had not been for Compound Oxygen."

J. B. MUSTARD, *Postmaster.*

The above evidence needs no comment. We would add however, that we publish a brochure of 200 pages regarding the effect of Compound Oxygen on invalids suffering from consumption, asthma, bronchitis dyspepsia, catarrh, hay fever, headache, debility, rheumatism, neuralgia; all chronic and nervous disorders. It will be sent free of charge, to any one addressing DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch St., Phila., Pa.; or 331 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Camp Fire.

[Contributions from the old soldiers are earnestly solicited by the editor of the CAMP FIRE. No matter if you cannot write a lengthy history of your lives, for we much prefer short, lively sketches, personal and historical. All communications will be attended to, and no contributor will be overlooked. We do not want anything from the records, as we are supplied with a full set.]

SWAM FOR A "SWAP."

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—In your issue of December 6 you ask the boys to contribute incidents for the CAMP FIRE this winter. Nothing would suit me any better. I belonged the 13th brigade, 3d division, 20th army corps, and our brigade was commanded by honest and brave General Benjamin Harrison in the Atlanta campaign, where war meant fighting, and fighting meant killing. It was no unusual thing for the skirmishers or pickets of the two armies to agree to an informal truce, by which much fatigue was avoided in being too closely confined in the rifle pits, and often during such truces there would spring up a lively traffic in tobacco, which was issued as a ration by the rebel commissary, and coffee. The rebel officers usually discouraged this trafficing on account of the vigorous "pumping" our boys would give the rebels. The latter part of July, 1864, found us on the banks of the Chattahoochee river, our skirmishers occupying the north bank and the enemy the other. The third morning a cessation of hostilities was agreed to, and the traffic in coffee and black tobacco and other articles began. At first an old leaky skiff was made to do much service by the rebels, but their officers soon destroyed it. Then the soldiers had to swim.

One day a rebel soldier swam across, striped naked of course, with five large plugs tied up and in some way fastened to the back of his neck, trading it for a small sack of coffee, which he choose to carry back in his teeth. Just before he got ready to go back, a rebel major, probably officer of the guard, came walking down to water's edge. As it became evident that the man intended to cross, the major yelled out, "Say, you, there, you had better stay on your own side!" The man was now in deep water, and his mouth was so full he could not explain, but kept on. "I tell you we don't want anything to do with you fellows." The reb was now in deep water, with a strong current against him. "It would be a great deal better if you would stay on your own side," the officer again called out; and again his advice was, from necessity, disregarded. His parting injunction was, "Go back thar, d—n ye;" but the Johnnie soon got where he could wade, when he stood up and seemed to be talking to the major. We could not hear what was said, but the major, with a sardonic shove, sent the swimmer out of the water the rebel major met him and took the sack of coffee and walked away with it, upon which our boys gave him a parting cheer. The regiment opposite to us was, I believe, the 42d Georgia. I should like to know if that Johnnie ever got a sip of the coffee which he fairly earned. Co. G, 93d Ill., 2d Brigade, 70th Ind., 75th Ohio, 129th and 105th Ill., let me hear from you through the CAMP FIRE. Our old commander soon takes the helm, and that ought to be inspiration enough.—C. M. CASTLE, Co. D, 102d Ill., Page Center, Iowa.

MADE A MISTAKE.

As the veterans of the Mexican war have nearly all passed over to

"Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents to spread,
And memory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead?"

And as you ask for anecdotes and reminiscences of the war, I think a few from the Mexican war will be interesting to comrades around the CAMP FIRE. I was but little past 16 when I enlisted in the 1st regiment of Illinois volunteers for one year in that war. My paternal grandfather had been with Gen Jackson in the British and Indian war in Georgia and Florida, from 1812 to 15, when a man was shot for going to sleep on his post. When I went on guard the first time, while I thought to be a soldier was the most honorable thing in the world, I thought that the least infraction of military law or soldierly obligation was death. It was a clear June night; the moon was at the full so that I could see nearly as well as by daylight. After finding that there were no sympathons and impressed me with the strictness of military law, was the arrest of John Spurrier and Pablo Dustin for running a foot-race endlshaible, after taps. I knew nothing of my duty to the officer of the guard, or of his privileges as such. I thought if he came near enough to speak to me that it was my duty to demand and receive the countersign. Lut. Smith, of Co. B, was officer of the guard. Between 11 and 12 o'clock at night he started to visit the posts. I heard him hailed by the sentinels and his answer that he was the officer of the guard, asking of each the number of his post. I thought that was all wrong, and determined to let him and the guard know that the time was when I knew and dared to do his duty. So when he came opposite me I hailed him; he answered, "Officer of the guard, what is the number of your beat?" Without paying any attention to his question I said, "Advance, officer of the day, and give the countersign." He was probably 20 paces inside the guard line. He paid no attention to my demand for the countersign, but walked along inside my beat and repeated his question. I then commanded him to halt, which he disregarded; I charged him with bayonet. He caught and turned it aside with his hand. When he did that I drew my butcher knife and lunged at him with it. When he saw my intent, he gave a few skips, turned and said, "You must be a d——n fool!" and walked away to the guard house without visiting the other posts.—T. J. SEELL, West Point, Ill.

A SOLDIER TO BE AT THE HELM

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—Please allow me to drop on a palmetto root to keep the blaze up. In answer to the comrade who asks for old "tramps and coffee-coolers" who voted for Lord Grover last election, I would reply that on inquiry, I find in this precinct about six, myself among the number. I did not think we old so